An Adventure Romance of the Frozen North BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR Author of "North of Fifty-Three," Etc.

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

one spoke. Then Philip found his Sandy remarked, after a quick glance, tongue, and, while he dabbed at his "Wait a minute till I come back." bleeding nose with a rag that had And he waiked upstream.

weendow, tinkin', maybe so, de dam' foot-worn spots bore witness to that.
dog she's reach up for chew de hide. Nor had it been long vacated. Wen Ah'm right by eet Ah mak' out somebody, Ah tink. Ah ask w'at ees I don't believe that feller has made up. He don' say nozzing, an at again."
reach out for touch heem for see w'at again."
"Why?" I asked. It seemed a very he ces—an' by Gar, he's haul off an' heet me—bing! Ah grab heem an' holler for strike a light, but he's shak' me loose an' heet me some more—Helee Mothaire, but dat man he's strong lak bear! Ah'm fall lak' Ah ben heet weet ax, an' Ah hear heem so troo de weendow—reep! She's all the samp was made about the right number under the might all be wrong. But this camp was made about the right time. Whoever was here just laid around takin' life easy, an' the minute Mr. Man shows up they move out. An'

"Oh, I understand," I interrupted through the brush for this camp. So there yuh are."

tartly, struggling into my clothes. "If he gets out he'll have a tale that will cortainly astonish the natives, and it will be mostly your own fault."

"He'll have a sweet time setting anywhere before daylight." Sandy remarked. "And by the same token there ain't much use in us lookin' for ioned his own ruides. The where-

stepped back into the cance. bet we ain't far behind him. Only
I'm afraid he'll see us first, an' take
to the brush. We might miss him
that way."
Farther down—eight or ten miles

bet we ain't far behind him. Only matrice to the brush. We might miss him that way."

Farther down—eight or ten miles from camp. I judged—we bumped into the halt. Folice, who layer the tentre of find the missing into a new phase of the situation. We slid around one of the innumerative field of the missing at the those camp, is find as we hugged the north bank a mark in the wider the tracking at the Howe camp, is find as we hugged the north bank a mark in the wider the tracking at the Howe camp, is find as we hugged the north bank a mark in the water's edge made me call sharply to Sandy. Our momentum carried us past, but we turned back. It was worth while, though. I had read the sign aright—the familiar card the sitting up in their respective bunks, blinking at the light. For a moment no poke. Then Philip found his Sandy remarked, after a quick glance, we see that the light. For a moment no poke.

bleeding nose with a rag that had once been a handkerchief, broke into veluble explanation.

"Sacre! Dat feller he's heet lak one keekin' hoss!" he lamented. "Ah wake up, w'ile ago, an' tink Ah hear som' noise. Ah lis'n. Bimeby Ah hear som' noise. Ah lis'n. Bimeby Ah hear from any other abandoned campdow. She's too dark for see 't all. So he geet up an' sneak 'cross for dees length of time; the litter and the waiked upetream.

Presently he disappeared around the bend, and a few minutes later called me from somewhere in the timber. I plunged into the brush and, guided by his voice, found him surveying a cleared place a hundred yards or so back from the creek. There was little to distinguish it ground, except that it had evidently been occupied for a considerable length of time; the litter and the waiked upetream.

Presently he disappeared around the bend, and a few minutes later called me from somewhere in the timber. I plunged into the brush and, guided by his voice, found him sursom noise. Ah lis'n. Bimeby Ah hear from any other abandoned campground, except that it had evidently been occupied for a considerable length of time; the litter and the foundation of the bend, and a few minutes later called me from somewhere in the timber. I plunged into the brush and, guided by his voice, found him sursom noise. Ah lis'n. Bimeby Ah hear from any other abandoned campground, except that it had evidently been occupied for a considerable length of time; the litter and the foundation of the brush and foundation of the brush and

up. He don' say nozzing, an' Ab connections with his own bunch

"Good Lord, Hedrick!" Howe mut- finally, they had the place marked for him. He quit the creek by a big. off. I never dreamed a tenderfoot like poly would strike out alone. If he stick stuck in the mud beside it. He pulled up the stick an' hit straight through the brush for this camp. So

anywhere before daylight," Sandy remarked. "And by the same token there ain't much use in us lookin' for him before then."

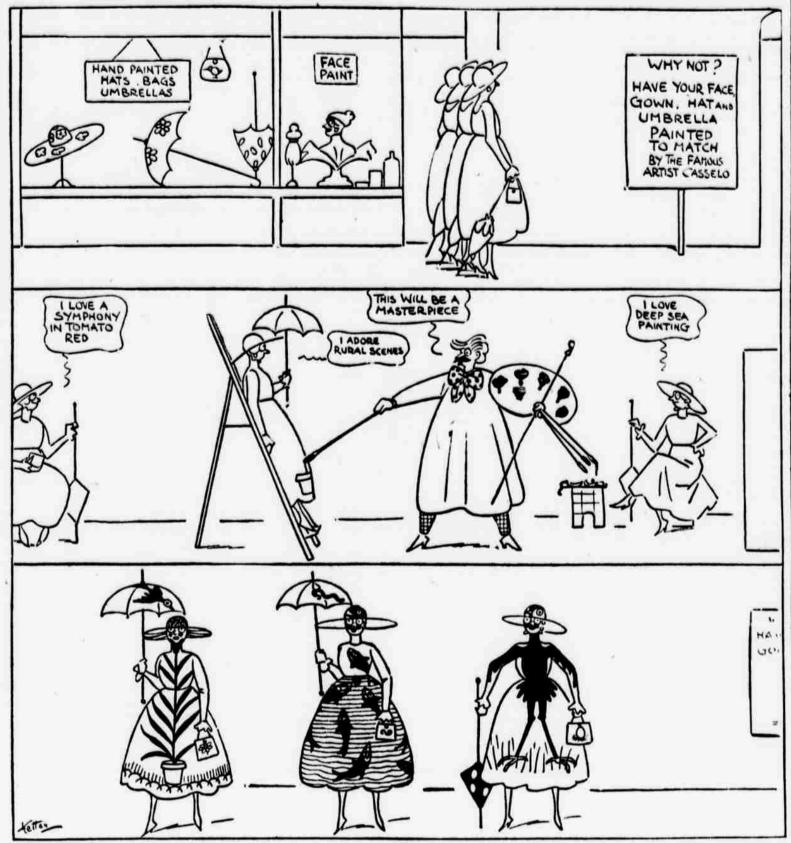
I recognized the force of Sandy's observation, but I couldn't sit quiet. It had come to be a sort of a personal issue between Doyle and myself, and it went against my grain to think of him slipping away to Pollock with his sordid tale, after I had shown my hand and practically thrown down the gauntlet. Howe, for the first time since Chub arrived on the scene, seemed to realize just what it meant to himself and Jean, and flung on his clothes excitedly.

Outside the dark was equal to the plegue of blackness that came down on Egypt in the time of Moses, it was like being in a huge cellar. Clouds, seemed to make and hand and hand had a sa lone man."

Sandy was right. Chub had rejoined his own guides. The where-fore of their faithfulness, after shooting a hole in his leg, was made clear to us later. When we struck Fort them or a trace of their passing. Henri Paleau put the seal of certainty on Sandy's conjecture. Not over four hours ahead of us, Henri declared, Chub and his outfit had swept into the mouth of the Slave and forged south like men in great haste. He knew the boats, for he had seen them at the post, nosing out our trail, in early June; and further, Pete La Frombois had waved a dripping paddle at him as he watched the plague of blackness that came down

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and both times I got away. Him or some of his tribe has shot at me half a dozen times. It got so I had to either get him or quit the country—or be potted like a deer in the brush some day when I wasn't dookin.

"So I started to hunt him instead his havin' him hunt me, I've follered him all summer. But I can't get a whack at him, only when it would be plumb suicide to try. He's cunnin, and so's his Injuns. A while back his tribe struck south and pitched camp on a fork un the Peace, and Frenchy takes a few of his men and heads into Edmonton. I aimed to found him up in town. But he sot a peep at me, I guess—oh, he's a fox!—and fiew the coop. So to have a either flever if run onto him unexpected I stris up has mounted police about him killing the weat street and the come across signs of our presence there. And before any of them had penatrated far went from the frenchman's trail was a police and the come across signs of our presence there. And before him seem at the prompt him and to come across signs of our presence there to abandon t

shy till they get on their own stampin'-ground north uh the lake."

"Lord," I whispered, "I hope they
steer wide of Charteris Creek on their
way, if they beat us that far. That's
where our camp is, and there are two
women—his wife"—I motioned toward Howe—"and a half-breed girl.
We're holding out at a little open
place about twenty-five miles from
the mouth." I went on to give Buck
the reason, in as few words as possible, why we were in that part of the
country at all, prevaricating a bit, of
course, on Howe's account. Buck
wasn't the prying kind, anyway, he
didn't care two straws about any
man's past history, present actions, or
future movements, unless they directly concerned himself.

He pinched out his cigarette very
deliberately. "Yes. I know the place,"
he said, in an undertone. "I don't
know as there's any reason to be
scared. Frenchy will probably stick
to diddain flight from an intangible
danger; most of us hate to best a
retreat unless we're compelled to.
Some two weeks after our return
with Chub a captive, Howe came
quietly into the cabin one afternoon
where I lay alone. My ribs and collar-bone were still too sore to permit of stirring around with any degree of comfort. He sat down on the
edge of my bunk and regarded me
curiously.

"What's the use of being buried
back here, anyway?" he began abruptly. "It hasn't done me a particle of good. I can't get rid of the
craving; it's planted too deep in my
system. There isn't a waking hour
that I wouldn't give anything on
earth for a half-ounce of morphin.
I'll go clean mad if it keeps up much
longer."

"The trouble with you, Howe, is
that you don't fight against it. You

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